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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.—The official forecast promises fair weather, with temperature about stationary, with light winds from the northeast.

SPAIN'S BILL FOR DAMAGES.

Mr. Calderon Carlisle, the legal adviser of the Spanish Embassy in the United States, has submitted a report showing that we owe Spain enough to pay a good share of her national debt, on account of our failure to intercept all the aid extended to the Cuban patriots by enterprising Americans. The United States Government, to its eternal disgrace, has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in doing policemen's work for Weyler. Not satisfied with that, Spain wants us to pay millions more because this gratuitous service, like her own patrol of the Cuban coast, has not been completely effective.

The presentation of this bill forms an able argument in favor of a radical change in our Cuban policy. If President Cleveland had peremptorily ordered the Spaniards out of Cuba two years ago there would have been no material for such a claim. It is not too late to do that yet. The evening Spanish organ in New York, commenting on the Carlisle report, says:

There is nothing in this report which members of Congress ought not to know already, and the sincere sympathizers with the Cuban insurgents should inform the public just what lawful steps they are prepared to take. They cannot properly ask their fellow-citizens to support measures which will greatly increase our responsibilities without helping the Cuban cause a particle.

The sincere sympathizers with the Cuban insurgents have never hesitated to inform the public just what lawful steps they are prepared to take. They would have our Government invite Spain to enter into an amicable arrangement for the independence of Cuba. Upon the rejection of that invitation they would have it give notice that the war must cease forthwith, and back up that notification, if necessary, with all the naval and military forces of the United States. That would leave Senor Dupuy De Lome and Mr. Calderon Carlisle without an occupation. Perhaps we may hear something of this nature from Minister Woodford yet.

MISS CISNEROS AND GENTLE BIRTH."

There are Americans, some of them in journalism and some of them in office, who think with Weyler that if they can show Miss Cisneros not to be of "gentle birth," not related to the President of the Cuban Republic, not of the very best society of the island, they will acquit the Spanish authorities of the guilt of cowardice and barbarous cruelty in her persecution. It happens that Miss Cisneros is of "gentle birth"—that is to say, the daughter of parents once opulent and of high social position. But suppose otherwise. Suppose that if instead of being educated, beautiful and accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of life, she were merely a poor girl, ignorant, plebeian and unused to fine society and the good things of existence, what difference should that make to Americans, or to men and women of sense and natural feeling anywhere? Would she not, indeed, be entitled all the more to esteem and admiration for her steadfastness in defending her honor against the assaults of rich and powerful scoundrels of undoubted "gentle birth?"

There are snobs enough in the United States, heaven knows, but we doubt if there are very many of the appallingly base sort appealed to by the matter put forth daily by the aristocratic Mr. Pulitzer's New York World to withdraw sympathy from an unhappy girl whose terrible and wholly unmerited sufferings have touched the hearts of normal men and women throughout the earth.

A COURAGEOUS ADMINISTRATION.

President McKinley, if he offends the fastidious by adherence to the code of the practical politician, at any rate evinces the courage of a man. Mr. Hanna's primacy as friend and adviser to the President is so well established, so universally recognized, that he gets even from the Mugwump press—indeed, particularly from the Mugwump press—that respect which power nearly always receives. To speak scornfully of Senator Hanna now is to run the risk of being classed with those pestilent spirits that object to government by injunction and lack reverence for constituted authority. Yet it is not many months ago since all the Mugwump and many of the eminently respectable Republican papers were raising a din about Mr. McKinley's ears, telling him that to manifest the slightest appreciation of Mr. Hanna's shameful services during the campaign would bring the party into disesteem with the conscience, intelligence and self-respect of the country. The President minded this virtuous clamor not at all. He, like his newspaper mentors, had gladly accepted Mr. Hanna's help to get votes, and he was not the man to spurn the friend who had made the golden ladder by which he had ascended to the White House.

In like manner the President has ignored the protests of the conscience, intelligence and self-respect of the party by appointing Henry Demas, of New Orleans, to the position of Naval Officer. It was Mr. Demas, together with Messrs. Wimberly, Cohen and a few other individuals of the same sort, who delivered the vote of Louisiana to McKinley in the National Convention, in pursuance of a contract made with Mr. Hanna and Cousin Osborne. These men, it is alleged, are characterless. Good women of New Orleans have besought the President not to give them office on the ground that—

They are simply infamous in the sight of all honest, decent and self-respecting people. We dare not describe their character or practices.

Nevertheless, Mr. Demas, who by all accounts is a very hard case, has got his promised reward, and the others will doubtless obtain theirs. Senator Hanna takes the same position as to them which the President has held as himself. "These men," says Mr. Hanna boldly, "were the only men we could look to for assistance, and if they were good enough for our work when we needed them they are good enough to be recognized for doing it." The answer to that, of course, is that they were not good enough to assist in nominating and electing a President of the United States, but since the party was not above accepting their aid they are entitled to look to the Administration for that kind of honor which stands by a dishonorable compact. President McKinley could not turn his back upon them without committing the double sin of ingratitude and hypocrisy. Republicans and others who are scandalized by such fidelity to engagements must bear in mind that this is not a squeamish Administration. It knows to whom it is indebted for its existence, and it is paying its debts loyally. The Sugar Trust has been royally compensated for its devotion to the national honor and the success of Mr. McKinley's candidacy, and if there is any other trust that has not got in the Dingley bill all that it thinks it should get for cheering for the old flag, contributing to Mr. Hanna's campaign fund, and bringing intelligent pressure to bear upon employes and debtors, it has only to bide its time. A President with the nerve requisite to appoint Mr. Henry Demas to office can be relied on to do what his code prescribes as "the right thing" by every agency that saved the country from the calamity of the election of a real Democrat to the Presidency.

THE TURN OF THE DEMOCRATS.

The action of the Citizens' Union puts the destinies of New York in the hands of the Democracy. Upon the character of the Democratic ticket depends the question whether the first Mayor of the new metropolis shall be Seth Low or a Democrat. The Republican machine is not a factor in the situation. The excited yelps of Quigg, Gibbs and Gruber may create amusement, but cannot affect the course of events. This is not a Platt year.

It is naturally a Democratic year. The reckless antics of the rural statesmen who have been harrying the metropolis in the Legislature, the encroachments of local officials upon the liberty of citizens, the mountainous growth of taxes, and the subserviency of the Republican party to trusts and corporations, have predisposed the people to a change in their government. But it will not do to presume too far on this disposition. The voters have learned independence. They think for themselves, and form their own judgments on candidates. And their judgment undoubtedly is that Mr. Low is a strong candidate and would make a good Mayor. They see that he is distasteful to Platt and Quigg, and they are inclined to love him for the enemies he has made. If the Democrats wish to beat him they must pick out a man as good. It will not be enough to have a candidate who has always been faithful to Democratic principles; there must be one whose name will carry an assurance of good local government. It must stand for clean streets, honestly laid pavements, well managed schools, and an efficient and self-respecting police force. Such a man is not to be picked up on every corner, and his selection will require the most careful thought.

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT GENERAL LEE.

It is hard to believe that Consul-General Lee allows Mr. Fishback, the agent of American speculators seeking concessions from the Spanish authorities, to occupy a desk in the American Consulate in Havana. Yet the statement has been made again and again in the public prints and has not been denied. Mr. Fishback also represents a New York newspaper whose former correspondent in Cuba was a mere servant of the Captain-General, and endeavored more than once to induce American newspaper correspondents to accept Spanish bribes and work up sentiment in the United States against the brave Cuban army and its leaders. Since Mr. Fishback went to Havana, a few days ago, several pro-Spanish dispatches, evidently from his pen, have appeared. It is also said that a notorious Spanish spy of German extraction who has filled the American newspapers with official falsehoods is also in high favor with General Lee. Surely our Consul-General has been maligned. It cannot be possible that he, too, has been Weylerized. William Shaw Bowen has a worthy successor in Mr. Fishback, but General Lee has always been a sturdy American, with plenty of blood in his veins.

PUSHING A BELATED REFORM.

The cheering news comes from Washington that Postmaster-General Gary will recommend the establishment of postal savings banks in the United States. He has received a mass of information regarding the workings of the postal banks in other countries, and letters from all parts of the Union urging the introduction of the system here. The farmers especially complain of the lack of banking facilities in remote country districts, and ask for help from the Government.

Public sentiment on this subject in America has been slowly ripening for a long time, and of late the process has been extremely rapid. When Postmaster-General Wanamaker demonstrated the need for postal savings banks in the United States his recommendations came to nothing for the lack of intelligent interest in Congress and an energetic, determined public demand outside. The public demand exists now, and Congressional apathy is diminishing. In each House of Congress there are several enthusiastic and well-equipped advocates of the postal banking system. Senator Mason, of Illinois, whose abilities as a hustler attract attention even in Chicago, has just contributed an article to the New Time in which he says:

To my mind there is no question now before the people of the United States as important as that of establishing postal savings banks, and it is my intention, as has already been announced, to labor for the passage of a law which will place the United States in this respect side by side with the other enlightened nations of the earth.

Mr. Mason calls attention to the remarkable fact that every Republican Postmaster-General from the time of Creswell, in 1871, has recommended the postal banks, the only heads of the Post Office Department who have not advocated them being those in the perverse Administrations of Mr. Cleveland. If Mr. Creswell's advice had been taken at the start we should have been only eleven years behind England instead of nearly forty.

It is unfortunate that the chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, Mr. Loud, of California, is a bitter opponent of postal savings banks. Still, Mr. Loud is not the whole committee, nor even a majority of it, and even he might hesitate to antagonize an Administration measure. If Mr. McKinley's influence can succeed in protecting the savings of the poor from the wreck that has destroyed so many homes and ruined so many lives, his term will be held in grateful remembrance in American history.

"What Happened to Quigg" is the very latest thing in farce comedy.

Hon. Seth Low has a very liberal adviser in Hon. Jacob Worth, but he is as liable to change his mind on advice as he is on denunciation.

All the evidence goes to show that Hon. "Steve" Elkins had charge of the greasing paraphernalia when the discriminating clause was "slipped in" to the Tariff law.

A colonel on Governor Bushnell's staff has made so bold as to object to Mark Hanna and his methods. This undoubtedly means a vacancy on the staff.

Those Kentucky and West Virginia judges will not realize the wide scope of "unwritten law" until the women begin doing some killing on their own account.

Possibly the new head of the Detective Bureau will be able to find out what Commissioner Parker proposes to do about it.

Sitting on "Cits" is not the pleasing pastime Mr. Quigg expected to find it.

It is now believed that a careful search will disclose the fact that Mr. Phil Armour is carrying but a few bushels of dollar-and-a-half wheat.

President McKinley's much vaunted Cuban policy appears to give as much satisfaction in Spanish circles as the one Mr. Cleveland used to keep on tap.

The English sparrow that collects wisdom will be sure to keep out of range of the amateur sportsmen who go gunning for reed and rail birds.

It is really too bad that John Bull didn't have a Quigg to try on the belligerent Afridis.

New York Gets "The Glad Hand."

THE doors of Weber & Fields's music hall were thrown open last night, and Broadway oozed all the odd and familiar types that make up the clientele of this jocund resort. The new season began, and Messrs. Weber and Field had for the delectation of their admirers an English star from the London 'alls, and one of those peculiar, indefinable, shapeless, good-humored eccentricities called, in courtesy, a "burlesque." The English star from the London 'alls was Miss Marie Loftus. The "burlesque" was furnished with the title "The Glad Hand," an expression which is popularly supposed to be exceedingly funny and slangy—which it presumably is.

Miss Loftus is the skittish mother of Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and consequently related by marriage to the famous member of Parliament. She is a saucy lady, belonging to the excessively refined school once represented by poor Bessie Belwood. Her favorite vocal adjective is the expressive word "blooming," and, for her, a "gent" is a "bloke," and a youth a "cove." Miss Loftus wears well. She cannot be very many years older than Cissy, and she has more vivacity in one of her fingers than Mrs. Justin Huntly owns in her entire body. In fact, it is quite pleasant to see a lydy so effervescent and so sprightly, still wearing the fluffy, peroxide wig of her heyday, and not disagreeable to look upon in tights of the tightest order.

It was a sweet ditty that she chose for her initial venture, entitled "She Lithped and She Said Yeth." It told of an artless London damsel who was finally had up in a police court and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. And when the Judge sent her away "She lithped, and she said yeth." Miss Loftus smirked and twitched and ogled and leered in the usual London style, but the song is one of those deftly classical things that must be heard several times. I have heard it several times—only a few weeks ago at the Canterbury—and I could appreciate its wild and willful pathos. Then Miss Loftus gave a rather incomprehensible affair in all nationalities, after which she "rendered" ("rendered" sounds so nice) a chansonette entitled "Sister Mary Wants to Know."

The best contribution she made was an exceedingly clever burlesque of the old and new serio-comic. In this Miss Loftus showed her thorough artistic skill. It was almost too good for a casual audience, but it was appreciated, and if Miss Loftus will take my advice and end it with the melodramatic burlesque, it will prove a valuable feature of her repertoire. I like this particular concert hall type. It is loud, insistent and undainty, but it attempts to be nothing else, and consistency of any sort is desirable, even the consistency of unrefinement. Marie Loftus is a marvel, if you consider the fact that daughter Cissy is twenty-two, so that she must be at least twenty-three.

What can be said of "The Glad Hand?" What need is there to describe it? It served to introduce Weber and Fields, as their public likes to see them introduced; Charles J. Ross, Sam Bernard, John T. Kelly and a score or so of fat and exuberant maidens in more or less costume. It had music by John Stromberg, and it had a "book"—yes, a book—by Kenneth Lee. It was full of Teutonic jokes and dialect quips and topical slang, and also Peter F. Dailey. One act took place at Bashbury Beach, and was supposed to skit Mr. Bradley's far-famed New Jersey resort; the other was cast on the deck of "The Glad Hand."

The audience laughed at a good many of the absurdities, and more risible entertainment will probably be added as time progresses. The manuscript of a Weber and Fields burlesque is an elastic affair. It is not one of your cut and dried, rigid, iron-clad arrangements. Probably Mr. Kenneth Lee in a week or two will wonder why on earth his name appears on the programme.

There were the usual comic money-matter discussions between Weber and Fields and Sam Bernard, with the accustomed Teutonic commercial atmosphere. These are inevitable at the Broadway Music Hall, and they grow funny as you see them in each new burlesque. They are an acquired taste that to the uninitiated would be insipid and namby-pamby. But "The Glad Hand" is not an entertainment for the uninitiated. No "outsider" could possibly appreciate it. It would be Greek to anybody living fifty miles from New York. It is purely metropolitan, and I have before touched upon the value of establishing something of the sort. Weber and Fields are laboring in the right direction, and if "The Glad Hand" is not something that you feel it your duty to instantly like and swear by, it is at least a preparation for the good time to come.

In the second act was a burlesque of Mr. Gillette's play, entitled Secret Servants," with "all the favorites" in the cast. The audience seemed pleased to welcome the rotund form of Peter F. Dailey, who was a star on his own account last season, but who has wisely decided to twinkle for Weber and Fields this season. Those gentlemen were in their elements in roles that Mr. Kenneth Lee, author of the book, trouble to name, this trouble was quite unnecessary. Charles J. Ross was applauded as Patti used to be applauded when he came forth attired in his good old yachting suit to sing his little song and do his little hornpipe. Then there were the perpetual Beaumont sisters, who try so hard to dance that it is really clever of them not to succeed. Among the Summer girl sirens were beauties known to fame as Natta Stromberg, Genevieve Dolaro, Margot Hobart and Frankie Loeb. One siren was programmed merely as Monte, which I thought a rude and familiar proceeding.

The entertainment was long drawn out, and exceedingly meaty, but, as nobody who sees it lives in the suburbs—and train-catchers would be quite un-at-home—that fact didn't matter in the least.

ALAN DALE.

The Merry Jester.

"I had my photograph taken with my wheel, but had to reject it."

"Wasn't it a good one?"

"Yes; mine was all right, but it didn't do my wheel justice."—Chicago Record.

Consider the lilies of the wheel,
They toil not, neither do they spin.

Thus they manage to keep cool, and they do not buffet with the winds, and their hair doesn't come out straight all day long.—Detroit Journal.

Watts—Oh, come, now! You can't make me believe that it is fifteen minutes' walk from your front door to the gate.

Figg—Well, I know it takes Laura and her young man that long, when he starts home.

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Don't you think it would be better for a young couple just entering the state of matrimony to put a check upon their love?"

"Assuredly. They'd be less likely to lose it."—Detroit Journal.

In Stocking Feet She Played Golf.

IT WAS an odd thing to do, but it was plucky, and so the golfing world will applaud Mrs. W. Butler Duncan to the echo for having played a part of the game it idolizes in her stocking feet.

The way it came about was this:

At the opening of the golf tournament at Newport on Tuesday Mrs. Duncan was a spectator until it was discovered that one of the young men entered had to go over the course alone.

At his earnest request she consented to accompany him as his opponent. Then she remembered that she had on low shoes, with very high heels.

Now, as every golf player knows, it is a perilous thing to try to make the full round of the links in footgear of that sort. The risk of turning an ankle is too great to be taken.

Almost any woman but a daughter of dear old Theodore Havemeyer, who was the greatest of our golf enthusiasts, would have been abashed by the situation.

Mrs. Duncan, however, did not hesitate a moment. She ordered her man to drive home, a distance of some three miles, and bring a pair of golf shoes.

Before the man could return it became necessary for her to proceed with the game or abandon her purpose of playing.

She preferred the former course, and, calmly removing her high-heeled shoes, played in her stocking feet until her golf shoes were brought to her.

She said afterward that the experience was not especially agreeable, but that in this age of golfing and Kneipping she didn't think it was anything to make a fuss about.

The Thompson-Blight wedding went through without a hitch, except that which made the contracting parties one, and commendation of the pretty effects of the church decorations were general and sincere.

The Blights are not wealthy as wealth is reckoned in Newport, and therefore the absence of ostentatious display at the wedding of their daughter was approved as being in excellent taste.

But if the Blights were monetarily modest the women who attended the ceremony permitted no question of expense to interfere with their costumes. I have seldom seen a greater aggregation of beautiful gowns than those worn at the church.

The promptness with which the programme was carried out is worthy of emulation by the managers of future weddings, especially those that may be held in New York City.

Somebody accounted for this promptness by saying that the bridegroom was determined not to be left at the post.

But of course that was only a scintillation of dude wit, which always corruscates on such occasions.

The ushers showed up in excellent form, and George Work was the best looking and best dressed of the lot. Or, if he wasn't the best dressed, he carried his clothes best, which is the same thing in effect.

But for all that the "Hard-faced" one didn't appear to be wholly at ease. He looked as though he would much rather have been shooting pigeons in an open field than showing women to their places in the sanctuary.

Certain close and hypercritical observers tell me that he actually gave the wrong arm to the first lady he took up the aisle.

Surely, that was a dreadful thing to do, but George atoned for it afterward by making a specialty of the old ladies, who were unanimous in voting him a "dear."

In striking contrast to such consideration for the elderly was the conduct of Dickie Peters and Ned Bulkley, both of whom bolted after every pretty girl they saw.

If Ned caught a handsome women, Dickie would get on the other side of her, and thus she would be conducted to her place by two ushers, although Ned Bulkley was surely enough for any one woman in any one aisle.

When Dickie captured a prize beauty Ned would take the other side, and so it went on to the end to their mutual enjoyment.

Still, it wasn't quite the right thing to do, and Dickie is old enough and Ned is big enough to have known better.

After the wedding festivities were over one of two of the ushers repaired to the Ocean House and indulged in certain supplementary proceedings on their own hook that had no suggestion in them of church or Bishop, and that demanded the alert and combined attentions of many bellboys to keep hats, gloves, walking sticks and dudes together so as to make a presentable whole.

All and all, the Thompson-Blight wedding was one to be remembered, both for what happened in the church and what happened elsewhere.

Cards will soon be issued for the wedding of Miss Louie D. Eldridge to M. Rutgers Barnewall in All Saints' Chapel, Newport, on the 28th inst. The Rev. Dr. Magill will officiate.

The bride is what tea-pouring chappies call "sweetly pretty."

She is also a very amiable and lovable young woman, and lived with her mother at No. 2 West Thirty-sixth street when in town.

They have a big Summer residence on Ochre Point, Newport, and that is where the wedding breakfast will be served.

Barnewall is a Providence man, but known in the New York clubs. Miss Grace Eldridge will be the bridesmaid and Alexander Van Rensselaer Barnewall will act as best man.

Saint Anthony in the Vogue.

SAINT ANTHONY, of Padua, is the idol of the present hour in Holland, where Zilcken has etched a beautiful picture of him, preaching the Gospel to the Moors of Africa in 1225; in Spain, where pilgrims admire at San Antonio-de-la-Florida, near Madrid, a fresco by Goya of the brave friar's achievement, and in several departments of France, where the wife of a deputy implicated in the Panama scandal formed, after her husband's acquittal, a society of Loaves of Saint Anthony, the object of which is to give bread to the poor. To Saint Anthony, of Padua, the faithful pray for the return of lost money and jewels, lost affections and even lost reputations.

Gaston Lefevre de Behague, a Belgian in the confidence of his King and Queen, and one of the most dutiful familiars of their court, which the most elementary politeness impels to be scientific, since Leopold is for science above all things, has made on this revival of an old devotion to Saint Anthony many harsh comments, in a sarcastic humor, that have been published, and the least of which was, "Requests to Saint Anthony are made in sealed envelopes not to be opened unless the requests be granted." But, lo! a request to Saint Anthony, made openly on a steamer in which Gaston Lefevre de Behague is platonically interested—on the steamer Rotterdam, of the Holland-American Line, which arrived here Saturday—was granted in an instant.

The most popular young man among the passengers had lost his scarf pin. The officers, jealous of their vessel's good order, had made in great secrecy a searching exploration through bunks and pockets of sailors and waiters. It was a valuable jewel, not only because its entire faultless pearl, surrounded with diamonds, had cost a great deal of money, but because it was an heirloom with a romantic history, as pathetic as that of the Kohinoor, as tragic as that the Regent. A Jew had sold it in an hour of desperation while his daughter was dying for want of food or medicine, and stabbed its buyer with an auger in a vain attempt to regain possession of it when this Jew's daughter, returned to health, had begged with heart-rending cries for the return of the jewel. It had been worn by a diplomat at a conference for a treaty which sacrificed a nation.

The loser searched desperately. In the presence of several persons, and with their aid, he looked at every corner of his cabin, in every fold of his clothing wherein a pin might be hidden. Then, when the conviction became unanimous that the young man's scarfpin was lost irretrievably, when those who had been most ardent in the quest folded their arms, when the irrepressible detectives confessed that they were undone, the calm Mme. Alice Avel, who, dressed in black, sat in an armchair an impassive spectator of all those scenes of anxiety and turbulence, took the young man's arm and said:

"Come, invoke Saint Anthony of Padua."

On the deck, under the stars, they prayed promising wax tapers at a shrine and bread to a desolate tenement, in the naive words that prayers have, simply, ardently. Their antique rite had many listeners who were not religious, but none scoffed, though some smiled. In the morning, at the breakfast table, the young man appeared radiant, wearing his scarfpin. He had found it in his cabin, near his trunk, on the floor, reflecting all the light.

And this is how it happened that Gloanni Maldoneschi, at No. 342 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, on the ninth day of his novena to Saint Anthony of Padua, yesterday received the visit of a young man wearing a scarfpin ornamented with diamonds and a large, round, faultless pearl, who gave to him all that he had prayed for—food for his wife and children for a week and work for himself.

HANNA HELD ON.

"The reopening of the opera house for the season," said the old citizen, "reminds me that Senator M. A. Hanna has been the owner of that handsome playhouse for twenty years. It doesn't seem that long, does it? Yes, sir; it was on January 20, 1877, that the house was offered for sale at public auction by the receiver, J. H. Rhodes. It was bid in by Citizen A. W. Fairbanks, but some financial hitch prevented the bidder from assuming possession of the property, and so it was resold on February 13. This time Citizen Hanna—he didn't dream of a Senatorship at that time—bid it in for $43,050. Yes, and he has held on to it ever since, and from all I can learn it has been a very fair sort of investment.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BEYOND HIS KEN.

Jones—I can't understand that man White.

Brown—How so?

Jones—I met him the other day and he told me that he had just got back from his wife's mother's funeral, so I said to him that I didn't drink, but I'd be glad to smoke with him on it, and do you know that he hasn't spoken to me since! I hate a man who is always puttin' on that way!—Cleveland Leader.

One Lonely Flock.

[Washington Post.]

Owing to lack of birds of her feather, England continues to flock by herself.

Some Talk of the Literary Shop.

TO my mind the best feature of the September Cosmopolitan is the first instalment of a new novel by Julien Gordon called "Mrs. Clyde." The scene of this story is laid in New England, and particularly in Boston, at a period when, according to the author, "the Devereux dined at 2 o'clock and supped at half-past 6, as was the custom of those days. Mrs. Denison Fay Prentiss was the only lady in Boston who dined at 6 and had men servants, and her habits and hours were the topic of many an awed conclave." It was a period that antedated the Civil War by many years, a rather commonplace period it seems to us of to-day, and yet the author has succeeded in giving us a distinct, clearly drawn and decidedly interesting picture of life and society of the modern Athens of that date. I was lured into reading the opening chapters of this story by the belief that it was completed in the current number, and by the time I had finished I found myself distinctly interested in the fate of the beautiful Gabriella and the attractive English earl, who, in the words of Mr. Thacher, "still pursues her." I was, moreover, impressed with the fact that Julien Gordon is a much better writer to-day than she was ten years ago, and there are very few of the many who have contracted the magazine writing habit of whom as much can be said. The Cosmopolitan contains also a Klondyke article and a few rods concerning modern dress by Ouida, which has at least the merit of originality and interest.

Munsey's is, as usual, aglow with portraits of lovely women and more or less distinguished men. It contains also an illustrated description of the fine houses at Newport and a rehash of the old, old story of the Paris Commune. "The Christian," which is out in book form, drags its slow length through the September pages, and will be continued in the next number. I understand that this magazine enjoys a larger circulation than that of any of its contemporaries, and that it is the intention of its proprietor to raise its literary tone to a noticeable degree during the coming year. I like Munsey's because I rarely come across a number of it that does not contain something that interests me, but, nevertheless, I am bound to say there is room in it for improvement.

The September Bookman devotes the usual amount of space to the exploiting of Hall Caine and the brood of Scotch authors of whom we hear so much nowadays. Its most noticeable contribution is an article by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, which purports to treat of certain American humorists of recent years. I have a strong suspicion that Mr. Howe is a man of serious habits of thought, and that until he received an order from the editor of the Bookman for the essay that appears over his name, he had never devoted much of his time or attention to the subject of American humor and its creators. Fully two-thirds of his article is devoted to the retelling of old stories about Artemus Ward, a man who was unquestionably a humorist of a very high class, but who was not the only humorist of his day and generation. There are so many literary comedians that Mr. Howe has apparently never heard of that I am led to wonder why his article was not supplemented with another one containing some of the things he left unsaid. For example, he merely mentions the names of Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Lieutenant Derby, and says nothing about George T. Lanigan, Bill Nye and a great many more who have at least won some sort of recognition from the public by their work. Lieutenant Derby, known to humorist literature as John Phoenix, was really the founder of that school of American humor which was carried on afterward by Artemus Ward and Mark Twain and died with Bill Nye. Derby was not only the first of the race, but one of the very best humorous writers that this country has ever produced, and as comparatively little is known to the present generation of his life and personal peculiarities, it seems to me that Mr. Howe would have done better had he devoted some of his attention to him instead of telling old familiar tales about Artemus Ward. George T. Lanigan wrote "The Ahkoond of Swat," a veritable gem of humor, besides innumerable ballads of city life and "The Out of the World Fables," which, by the way, was republished a year or two ago in England, and enjoyed great popularity among our British cousins. The late Mr. H. C. Bunner, who was, in my estimation, the best critic of humor in this country, regarded Mr. Lanigan as the very first of America's funny writers, and yet I doubt if Mr. Howe has ever heard of him, even if he is dead. I will defy any human being to offer any comprehensive reason for the publication of the matter, entitled "A Few Odd Ends," and bearing the signature of W. Pett Ridge. There is but just one reason for writing it, and that is a pecuniary one, and concerns only the writer and the publisher.

The editor of Truth has sent out a circular soliciting manuscripts, photographs and original drawings relating to political, social and educational events of national interest; portraits of candidates, educators and society women, and serials, poems and short stories of high literary merit. The paper is to be enlarged to twenty-four pages, and will be, I am told, a sort of Harper's Weekly or Illustrated American in colors. Truth has had a varied career since it was established as a sort of society paper by Mr. Dalziell. Under the management of Blakely Hall, who changed it from a black and white to a colored weekly, it achieved a circulation of about 70,000 copies and was on the high road to prosperity when it fell into the clutches of the American Lithographic Union. Since then it has published some very beautiful colored pictures and very poor inside matter. It has never had, so far as I could discover, any fixed purpose, and although Life, Puck and Judge have yielded heavy dividends to their publishers, Truth has not, I am credibly informed, proved a money winner. Its new editor is Mr. Charles E. Hasbrouck, and as he is not a lithographer, there is some chance of his making the paper a success. This will not be such a difficult matter if he will fix his eye firmly on the name by which the periodical is known and let that be his guiding star and a lamp unto his feet. Weekly papers that make a consistent practice of telling the truth are by no means numerous in New York just now.

JAMES L. FORD.

Another Consignment.

[Washington Post.]

Just as the kinks caused by the Greek war have been taken out of the telegraph wires, here comes a consignment of Kiplingesque names from India.

Home Note.

[Atchison Globe.]

Ella, the best hired girl in the world, who has been ill, is recovering, and the people of Atchison are bidding on her.

THE BLOSSOMS OF BROADWAY.

In the sunny sylvan Summer,
When the dew is on the grass,
And the orchard's fragrant blossoms
Charm the vision as we pass,
One may find a wealth of flowers
And a mede of homage pay,
But in every season in New York
There are blossoms on Broadway.

E'en tho' Winter's chilly mantle
Hover over street and walk,
While the vessels in the harbor
Lie close frozen to the dock,
These same flowers bloom and flourish,
(You can see them every day),
In their hundreds and their thousands,
As you stroll along Broadway.

Here are blossoms that are fairer
Than a wealth of gold can buy,
Tho' a poor man that is faithful
Oft can win one—if he try;
There are winsome Lily Shopgirls,
Daisy Clerks and Roses gay,
And sweet Violet Stenographers,
'Mongst the blossoms on Broadway.